29th, Golymin:

(To Josephine.) Only one line, dear friend; I am in a wretched barn. I have defeated the Russians; I have captured their baggage, 30 guns, and 6000 prisoners. But the weather is awful; it is raining and the mud is up to our knees. In a couple of days I shall be (back) at Warsaw and will write.

(To Cambaceres.) You will see from the bulletins the brilliant successes we have obtained over the Russian army. Had it not been for inclement weather they vrould have been even greater. I think the campaign is over. The enemy have retired behind swamps and deserts. I am going into winter quarters.

81st, Pultusk:

(To Josephine.) I laughed heartily over your last letter. You exaggerate the attractions of the beauties of Poland,

(To Fouche.) Raynouard might easily produce good work if only he could get well into the spirit of the tragedy of the Ancients: Fate pursued the family of the Atridae, and the heroes were guilty yet not criminal; they shared the crimes of the gods. In modern narrative this idea could not be employed, but only the force of circum-stances in its stead; a policy may lead to a catastrophe without any real crime being committed.

If Chenier indulges in the least sally I shall order him sent to the island of Sainte Marguerite. The time for joking has passed. Let him behave; that *'s* the only privi-lege he's got.